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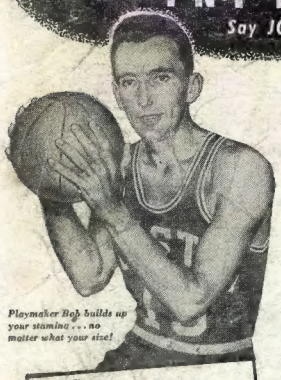
NOV. NO. 43
"MISSING IN ACTION!"

"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T-N-T IN YOUR FISTS"

Say JOE LOUIS and BOB COUSY



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- Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always Being Picked On?

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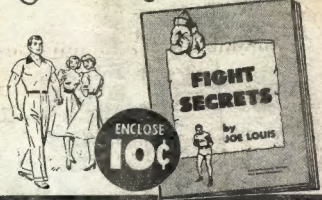

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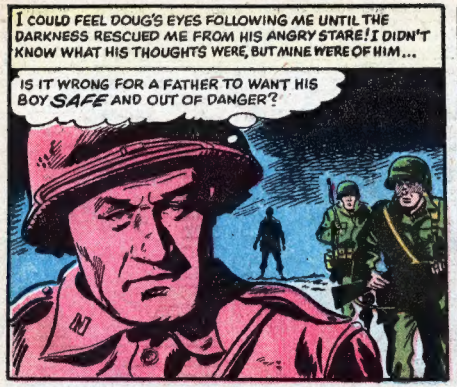
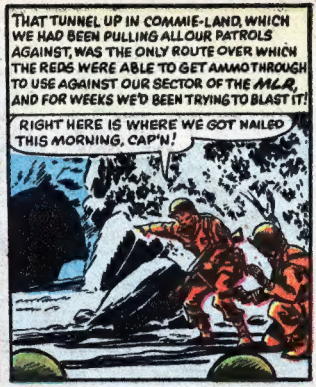
I WAS COMMANDING OFFICER OF **ITEM COMPANY** IN KOREA, AND WHEN MY SON DOUG KALLEN GOT ASSIGNED TO MY OUTFIT, I THOUGHT IT WAS THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD, BUT NOTHING COULD'VE BEEN FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH!

MISSING IN ACTION!

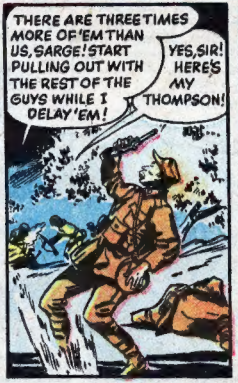
OKAY, SERGEANT...TAKE OFF ON THE PATROL WITH THE MEN I PICKED!
YES, SIR!
HE NEVER PICKS DOUG FOR ONE OF THESE PATROLS AGAINST THE COMMIE TUNNEL WE WANNA BLAST, BECAUSE DOUG IS DADDY'S LI'L BOY!
K547

AS SOON AS THE SARGE AND HIS MEN DEPARTED, MY SON DOUG CAME TO SEE ME...
NOT ONCE HAVE YOU EVER PUT ME ON A PATROL, DAD! ALL THE OTHER GUYS GET THEIR TURN FOR THE RUGGED DETAILS... I WANT MINE!
I'M RUNNING THIS OUTFIT, SON, AND I'LL PICK THE MEN I WANT FOR THE PATROLS!
THAT MEANS I'LL NEVER GO! AND THE GUYS WILL GO ON HATING ME, HAVING NOTHING TO DO WITH ME... AN' CALLING ME "DADDY'S LITTLE BOY"!
BUT YOU'LL STAY ALIVE! CAN'T YOU SEE, DOUG, THAT I'M KEEPING YOU OFF THE PATROLS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD?
DOUG COULDN'T SEE THAT I WAS DOING IT FOR HIS OWN GOOD! HE LEFT ANGRY WITH ME FOR SHELTERING HIM...
MAYBE I'M WRONG! MAYBE I SHOULD LET HIM GO ON A PATROL...
THE SARGE AND HIS PATROL ARE COMIN' BACK ALREADY, CAP'N!
WHAT HAPPENED, SARGE?
WE RAN INTO AN AMBUSH, SIR!
AS I WATCHED THE BATTERED PATROL STAGGER TOWARD THE AID STATION, I MADE UP MY MIND ABOUT DOUG MORE FIRMLY THAN EVER...
NO! I'LL NEVER SEND HIM OUT ON A PATROL!
THAT TOOK CARE OF DOUG, AND I THOUGHT I KNEW HOW TO HANDLE THE RESENTMENT THAT HAD PILED UP INSIDE THE ENTIRE OUTFIT...
YES, YOU HEARD ME CORRECTLY, SERGEANT! I'M GOING TO TAKE THE PATROL OUT AGAINST THE USUAL OBJECTIVE, THE COMMIE TUNNEL!
YES, SIR!
YOU, MASON... AND KOVALSKI, BARRANNO, ADAMS, ZAKEN, CARTEL, FERRARO... AND THAT'S IT!
LET ME GO ALONG, TOO, PLEASE!
NO!
2

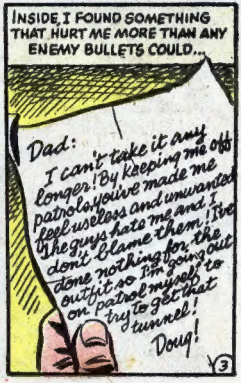

I COULD FEEL DOUG'S EYES FOLLOWING ME UNTIL THE DARKNESS RESCUED ME FROM HIS ANGRY STARE! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIS THOUGHTS WERE, BUT MINE WERE OF HIM...
IS IT WRONG FOR A FATHER TO WANT HIS BOY SAFE AND OUT OF DANGER?


THAT TUNNEL UP IN COMMIE-LAND, WHICH WE HAD BEEN PULLING ALL OUR PATROLS AGAINST, WAS THE ONLY ROUTE OVER WHICH THE REDS WERE ABLE TO GET AMMO THROUGH TO USE AGAINST OUR SECTOR OF THE MLR, AND FOR WEEKS WE'D BEEN TRYING TO BLAST IT!
RIGHT HERE IS WHERE WE GOT NAILED THIS MORNING, CAP'N!

AND TONIGHT, TOO, SARGE!

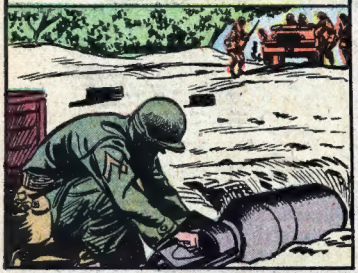

THERE ARE THREE TIMES MORE OF 'EM THAN US, SARGE! START PULLING OUT WITH THE REST OF THE GUYS WHILE I DELAY 'EM!
YES, SIR! HERE'S MY THOMPSON!

WE MADE IT BACK OKAY, BUT THAT COMMIE TUNNEL WAS STILL IN BUSINESS...
I'LL GET AN AID MAN TO YOUR QUARTERS IMMEDIATELY, SIR!
AFTER THE OTHER MEN GET PATCHED UP, LIEUTENANT!


INSIDE, I FOUND SOMETHING THAT HURT ME MORE THAN ANY ENEMY BULLETS COULD...
Dad:
I can't take it any longer! By keeping me off patrol you've made me feel useless and unwanted. The guys hate me and I don't blame them. I've done nothing for the outfit so I'm going out on patrol myself to try to get that tunnel!
Doug!
3

DAYS PASSED...TWO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, AND DOUG DIDN'T COME BACK...
BY TRYING TO PROTECT HIM...I LOST HIM! THIS ENTIRE COMPANY SHUNNED AND IGNORED HIM... CALLED HIM NAMES BEHIND HIS BACK! THEY MADE HIM DO WHAT HE DID!
I BLAMED THE MEN OF MY OUTFIT FOR MY LOSS, AND I TOOK IT OUT ON THEM EVERY WAY I COULD...
YOU MEAN RIGHT NOW, CAPTAIN?
YES, LIEUTENANT, I MEAN I WANT EVERY MAN CLEAN SHAVEN... RIGHT HERE AND NOW!
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WOULD'VE GONE ON THAT WAY, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ONE OF THE REPLACEMENTS WHO WAS SENT UP TO MY OUTFIT...
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS BRAD SHAW REPORTING AS DIRECTED, SIR!
LOOKS AND TALKS LIKE DOUG... AND JUST ABOUT THE SAME AGE!
HE REMINDED ME SO MUCH OF MY LOST SON, THAT I BEGAN TAKING CARE OF HIM THE SAME WAY, AND THE MEN REACTED THE SAME TOWARD HIM AS THEY HAD TOWARD DOUG...
BUT SOME OF THESE MEN YOU'VE GOT ON THE PATROL ROSTER HAVE ALREADY BEEN ON ONE, SIR... AND THE NEW MAN, BRAD SHAW, HASN'T!
IT'S MY JOB TO GIVE THE ORDERS IN THIS OUTFIT, SERGEANT ... AND YOURS TO CARRY THEM OUT!
HIT THE HOLES! A RED MIG'S AFTER OUR AMMO DUMP!
HIS FIRST BOMB WENT WIDE!
BUT THE SECOND ONE WAS A DIRECT HIT...
BUT IT DIDN'T GO OFF!
IT'S A DELAYED-ACTION BOMB THAT MAY POP IN A MINUTE, OR HOUR, OR DAY! AND WHEN IT GOES, IT'LL TAKE ALL OUR AMMO WITH IT!
AND THAT AMMO WAS WHAT KEPT THE REDS FROM ATTACKING US!
WE MUST HAVE A GUY IN THE OUTFIT WHO CAN DISARM THAT BOMB, SARGE! ASK AROUND!
I'M YOUR MAN, SIR! I GRADUATED FROM AN ORDNANCE DISPOSAL SCHOOL!
4

BRAD SHAW WAS THE LAST GUY IN THE WORLD I WANTED TO TAKE THAT CHANCE! IT WAS EITHER RISKING HALF THE OUTFIT, THE AMMO AND OUR POSITION...OR HIM! SO HE WENT TO WORK ON THE BOMB, AND WE WATCHED FROM A SAFE DISTANCE...



A HALF-HOUR LATER, IT WAS ALL OVER, AND I WATCHED AS THE GUYS SHOOK HIS HAND! THEY WERE PROUD OF HIM...THEY *ACCEPTED* HIM AS ONE OF THEM, BECAUSE HE HAD RISKED HIS LIFE FOR THE OUTFIT, AS *THEY* HAD DONE ON PATROLS...

THEY WOULD'VE ACCEPTED DOUG, TOO...IF I HADN'T KEPT HIM FROM SHARING THE THINGS *THEY* HAD TO DO! AND I WOULD HAVE HAD A SON TO BE PROUD OF... BUT NOW, IT'S TOO LATE...

SUDDENLY, A TERRIFIC BLAST SHOOK THE GROUND UNDER OUR COMBAT BOOTS!

THE ANSWER STAGGERED IN A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...

WHILE AID MEN PATCHED HIM UP, DOUG GAVE US THE SCOOP...

I GOT CAPTURED AFTER I LEFT HERE BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE ANY EXPERIENCE ON PATROLS... BUT I ESCAPED WITH SOME RED DEMOS TODAY AND PLANTED THEM IN THE TUNNEL ON THE WAY BACK HERE!

THE GUYS CAME IN AND PATTED HIM ON THE BACK! HE HAD RISKED HIS LIFE FOR THE OUTFIT, AND NOW HE WAS ONE OF THEM!

SURE I WAS PROUD, AND WISED UP TOO! FROM THEN ON, WE WERE *FATHER* AND *SON* *AFTER DUTY* AND *CAPTAIN* AND *PFC* WHILE *ON DUTY*... AND WE GOT ALONG FINE!

HUNGRY VICTORY

THE date was sometime in 1918. The place was somewhere in the middle of the Hindenburg Line on the west German front. Pershing's last big offensive had begun only eighteen hours before and was crushing everything before it, with the exception of a big German pocket hedgehogged in a piece of country easy to defend and difficult to attack.

There were only two characters . . . Private Joe Chargris and Corporal Legs Wilson. They walked dazedly along the remains of a road that had been a road only half an hour before . . . before Pershing's forces had passed, blunted its edge somewhat on the hedgehog position and rolled on. The trouble was that somehow, Joe and Legs had been detached from their platoon and were now situated and stranded in a sort of no man's land between the German pocket and the long, continuous American line. How they got where they were they never fully knew. One moment they'd been riding in an old French truck, trying to keep up with their command. The next a Skoda 404 howitzer opened up from the German positions off to the northeast. It landed right in the path of the truck. Joe had been flung one way and Legs the other. The truck was a total loss.

Joe rubbed his knee.

"We're lost," he said. Unconsciously he felt for the strap of his Springfield which was no longer there, having lost its stock and bolt after he'd hit the ground.

The tall, gloomy Legs slowly shook his head.

"We're not lost," he said. "I know where we are . . . right in the middle of a frying pan." He pointed to the northeast, where the Germans were entrenched. "Know what German's commandin' over there?"

Private Chargris shook his head. He didn't care about German commanders, any more. All he wanted was a meal. He'd been hungry when the offensive had begun. He was still hungry.

"Von Gleck's commandin'," Legs said, answering his own question.

Joe's head snapped back and his eyes opened wide.

"Von Gleck?" he burbled. "Not the character who . . ."

"That's him," the corporal said. "The Allies have been after him ever since Belgium. He's the worst in the whole army." His voice dropped to a low whisper. "He *hates* Americans worse than anything."

"I know," Joe said.

Legs' eyes brightened. "You know what we'd get if we got our hands on him?"

"Six months in the guardhouse," Joe replied.

Legs snorted.

"We'd get promotions, that's what!" he insisted. "We've been in this man's army long enough to rate a promotion. I've got my corporal's hash, and you're still a buck private." His eyes kindled. "But grabbin' Von Gleck won't be easy!" Joe said, grumbling.

"He's a fake," Legs said. "All these German officers are. They're all bluster outside and just jelly inside. Now all we gotta do is . . ."

Joe's ears flapped suddenly. There was an abrupt *klunk* toward the northeast that sounded like a lump of lead smacking into a marble pavement.

"Krupp Big Berthas!" Legs yelled. "Duck!"

Both doughboys dropped to the dusty road, just as the whine of the falling Krupp mortar shells ripped through the air a thousand feet over their head. Their tin hats fell over their foreheads as the shells crumped into a small rise about six hundred feet away.

Legs lifted his head.

"They think we're a whole division!" he cried. "Come on . . . let's beat it! There's a house over there!" He leaped to his feet and began running, swiftly followed by his buddy.

The house, a French peasant hut, was just barely visible above a low line of trees to the northeast. It lay toward the German lines, but it was sunk somewhat

CONTINUED BEFORE LAST STORY

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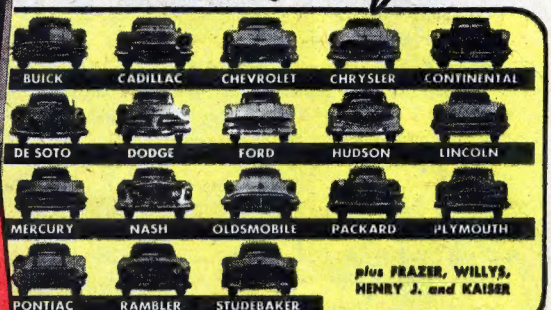

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THE MAN YOU SEE IN HIDING IS AN AMERICAN LIEUTENANT, FRANK PIERSON OF U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE! HE IS BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES! HIS LEFT WRIST IS SPRAINED! HE IS BRUISED AND HAS BEEN WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER FOR THIRTY-FOUR HOURS! HE HAS VALUABLE INFORMATION TO GET BACK TO HIS OWN LINES... IF HE CAN GET BACK TO HIS OWN LINES... IF HE CAN SURVIVE AND GET THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES! THIS IS HIS STORY!

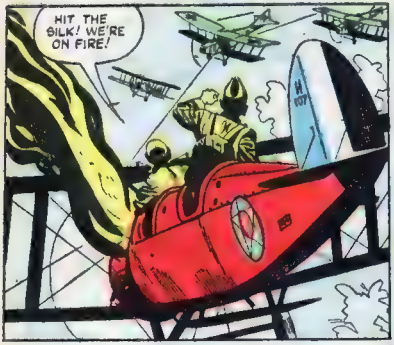
SURVIVAL!

I NEED EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH TO KEEP GOING! IF I COULD ONLY GET SOMETHING TO EAT AND SOMETHING WARM TO WEAR! I'VE GOT TO SURVIVE TO GET MY INFORMATION BACK...
1

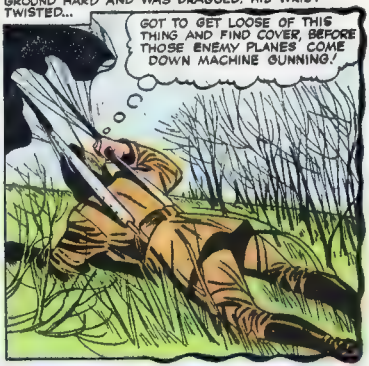
IT WAS THE WORD "SURVIVAL" THAT SPARKED HIS MEMORY! HE BEGAN TO THINK BACK...
THAT SERGEANT AT BASE CAMP, WHOM I DISLIKED SO MUCH... THAT WAS HIS WORD, "SURVIVAL"! WHAT WAS HIS NAME? OH, YES SERGEANT HOGAN!
"SURVIVAL!"... REMEMBER THAT WORD! IT'S IMPORTANT! THAT'S WHAT THIS TRAINING IS ALL ABOUT... SURVIVAL! O.K., DISMISSED!
SURVIVAL, EH? I DON'T THINK I'LL SURVIVE THE TRAINING!
IT'S RIDICULOUS!
WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO PROVE... THAT THEY CAN TURN OUT WRESTLERS? WE'RE INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS, NOT INFANTRYMEN! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO USE OUR BRAINS, NOT OUR MUSCLES!
WHAT WERE YOU BEFORE YOU ENLISTED, PIERSON?
I WAS A TEACHER!
I WAS AN ARCHITECT! NOT THE KIND OF JOBS TO FIT US FOR THIS TOUGH TRAINING!
THE DAYS PASSED IN INTENSE TRAINING...
O.K.! LINE UP! PERSONAL COMBAT INSTRUCTION!
NOW SUPPOSE YOU WERE TRAPPED BEHIND ENEMY LINES WITHOUT WEAPONS! THIS IS HOW YOU TURN YOUR HANDS INTO WEAPONS!
2

AND AS TIME PASSED, LIEUTENANT PIERSON GREW TO HATE SERGEANT HOGAN!
I DON'T THINK THIS ENFORCED, CONCENTRATED PHYSICAL TRAINING IS NECESSARY FOR INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS!
YOU DON'T THINK SO, EH? NOW, YOU GUYS, LISTEN...
IT TAKES TIME AND TROUBLE TO TRAIN YOU! THE INTELLIGENCE INFORMATION YOU MIGHT GET IS IMPORTANT TO OUR SIDE, ONCE YOU'RE IN THE FIELD! FOR THAT REASON, IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU SURVIVE UNDER ANY CONDITIONS SO YOU CAN BRING THAT INFORMATION BACK!
THE SERGEANT HAD BUILT THEM TO TOUGH LEANNESS, REPEATING HIS ORDERS OVER AND OVER UNTIL...
I'M FED UP WITH THIS PHYSICAL TRAINING AND WITH HOGAN! IF HE SAYS THAT WORD "SURVIVE" ONCE MORE, I'LL...
YOU MEN REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY! YOU'RE BEING TRANSFERRED TO FIELD WORK!
AT A CAMOUFLAGED AIRFIELD BEHIND THE FRONT LINES, LIEUT. PIERSON WAS GIVEN HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT!
THERE'S BEEN ACTIVITY CONCENTRATING BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES, LIEUTENANT! YOU ARE TO GO AS OBSERVER IN LIEUTENANT CROSBY'S PLANE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S UP! THIS COULD BE VERY IMPORTANT!
THE SOPWITH PLANE OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURE, SPECIFICALLY USED FOR RECONNAISSANCE, ROSE INTO THE AIR...
THIS IS WHAT I HAD TO GO THROUGH THAT TOUGH TRAINING FOR, TO SIT HERE AS AN OBSERVER! THAT SERGEANT! HOW I'D LIKE TO...
ENEMY LINES BELOW! THERE'S YOUR TARGET, LIEUTENANT!
THIS IS IMPORTANT! THEY'RE MASSING TO STRIKE THROUGH TO OUR AIRFIELDS!
ENEMY PLANES AT THREE O'CLOCK! HANG ON TO YOUR HAT!

THEY CAME OUT OF THE CLOUDS, A FORMATION! THERE WAS NO TIME FOR FLIGHT AND THE ODDS WERE OVERWHELMING...



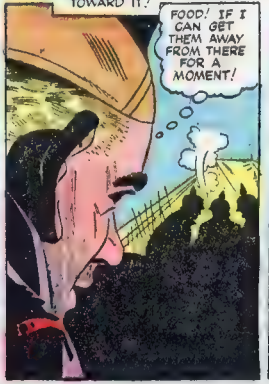
HE DIDN'T SEE THE PILOT BAIL OUT! HE HIT THE GROUND HARD AND WAS DRAGGED, HIS WRIST TWISTED...



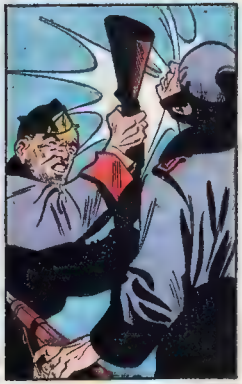
THAT HAD BEEN THIRTY-FOUR HOURS AGO! NOW HALF FROZEN, HUNGRY, HIS STRENGTH WANING, HE CRAWLED THROUGH AN AREA ALIVE WITH THE ENEMY!

WITHOUT THINKING, HE WENT THROUGH THE MOVEMENT HE HAD BEEN TAUGHT BY SGT. HOGAN!

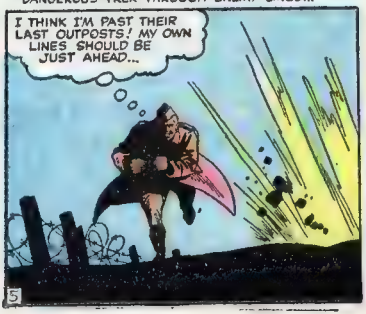
HE MOVED ON, CAREFULLY! THE SMELL OF FOOD CAME TO HIM, LIKE A GREAT PAIN IN HIS STOMACH! HE MOVED TOWARD IT!



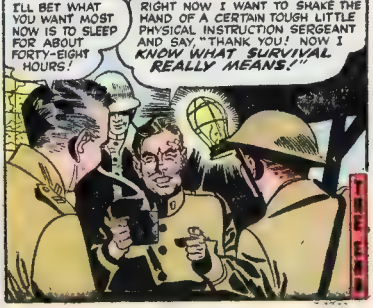
AUTOMATICALLY, HE USED HIS MUSCLES AND WEAPONS, AS HE HAD BEEN TAUGHT TO DO, THROUGH THOSE LONG MONTHS OF TRAINING!



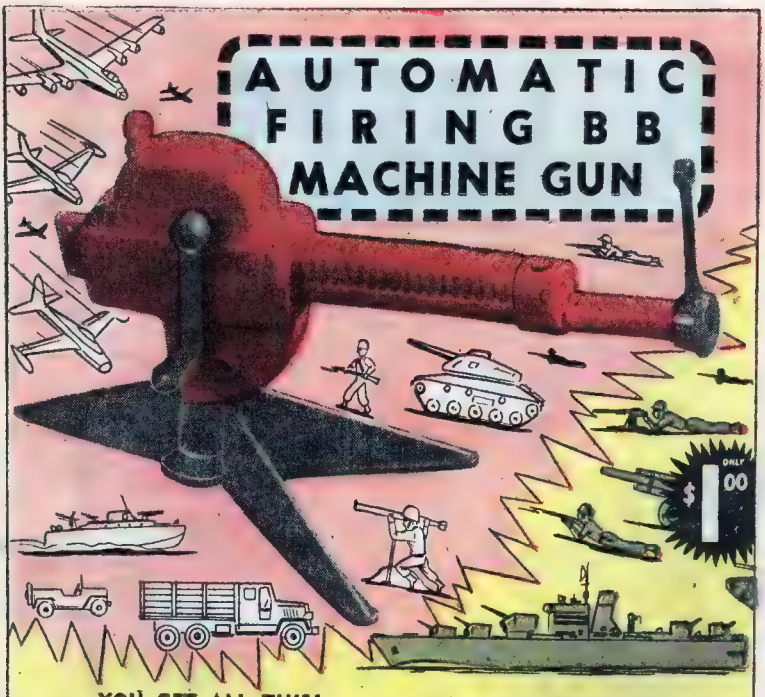
HE HAD FOOD AND WARMTH NOW AND REVIVED STRENGTH BUILT INTO HIM BY SERGEANT HOGAN, AND HE USED THAT EXTRA STRENGTH DURING HIS LONG, DANGEROUS TREK THROUGH ENEMY LINES...



SPENT, BUT TRIUMPHANT, LIEUTENANT PIERSON REACHED THE AMERICAN LINES WITH HIS IMPORTANT INFORMATION... WHICH LED TO A GREAT ALLIED VICTORY!


I'LL BET WHAT YOU WANT MOST NOW IS TO SLEEP FOR ABOUT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!
RIGHT NOW I WANT TO SHAKE THE HAND OF A CERTAIN TOUGH LITTLE PHYSICAL INSTRUCTION SERGEANT AND SAY, "THANK YOU! NOW I KNOW WHAT SURVIVAL REALLY MEANS!"
THE END

AUTOMATIC FIRING BB MACHINE GUN



YOU GET ALL THIS!

- Automatic firing BB Machine Gun with swivel base
- Complete 21-piece task force selected of:
- infantrymen
- tanks
- gunners
- trucks
- cruisers
- battleships
- jet planes
- bombers
- riflemen
- space ships
- full supply of BBs

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

This is the newest, most sensational action toy out, and we're so sure that you will be delighted, that we offer a full 10 day Free Trial. If you are not 100% satisfied simply return for full refund. You risk nothing. We know you're going to be delighted so we make this amazing offer.

A Complete Thrilling Combat Unit At Your Command

Now you can be Commander-In-Chief of this complete task force. You can deploy your troops, navy and air force for attack or defense and every pitched battle is won, as your perfect plastic model of an actual machine gun goes into devastating action blasting your target in a hail of fast firing automatic repeating pellets. Simply pour in the BBs and then fire away. It's operated by a crank and sets up in a jiffy. The swivel base turns in a full circle assuring complete coverage and range, and it's removable so that you can carry your machine gun wherever you go. Fires automatically as many deadly BBs as you want as fast as you desire. And, you get a complete 21 piece Task Force of soldiers, tanks, gunners, trucks, bombers, cruisers, battleships and space ships. Plus a full supply of BBs all for only $1.00+25c shipping charges. Don't delay! Order Now!

LOOK AT THESE SENSATIONAL FEATURES:

- Complete Task Force and Space Ship Armada at your command.
- Automatic Firing BB Machine Gun mowing down the enemy.
- All scale-model replicas of the real thing.
- Makes your friends toys outdated.

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Lynbrook, N. Y.

Rush my Automatic Firing BB Machine Gun and Complete Task Force Armada on 10 day Free Trial. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose $1.00 + 25c shipping charges. Same money back guarantee

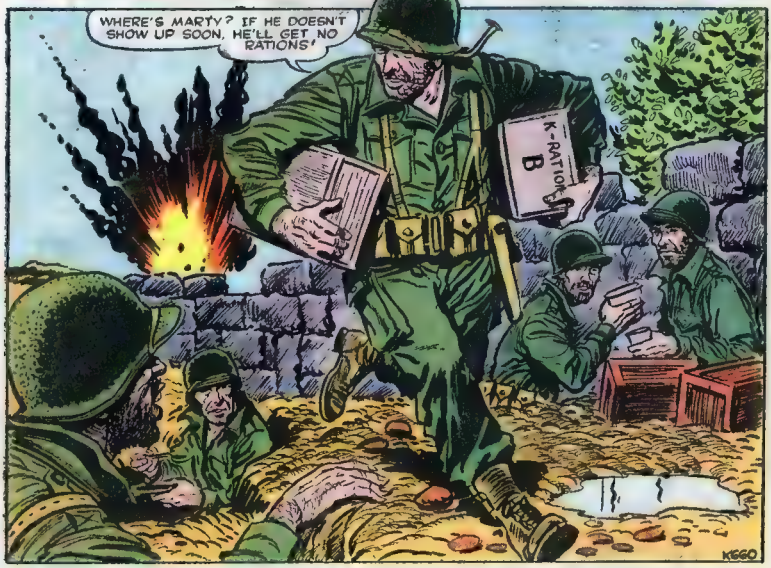
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

EVERY G.I. HAD HIS OWN IDEAS ABOUT JINXES, AND EVERY G.I. KNEW HOW TO AVOID THEM! BUT PRIVATE MARTY MANN WAS STUCK WITH ONE OF HIS VERY OWN! WHETHER IT WAS FOR MAIL, CHOW, COMBAT OR PAY, MARTY WAS ALWAYS...

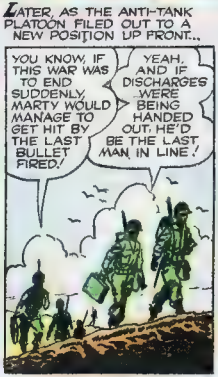
THE LAST MAN!



I WAS OUT SCOUTING THE POSITION, SARGE! IT'S OKAY ABOUT THE RATIONS! I DON'T NEED ANY!
BLAM!

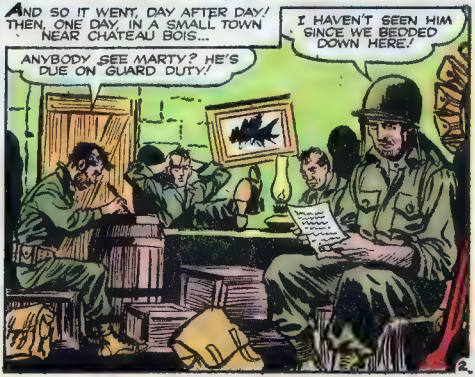
MARTY, YOU'VE GOT TO BE HERE WITH THE OTHER GUYS! YOU CAN'T ALWAYS BE LAST!
I'M SORRY, SARGE! I GUESS I'LL ALWAYS BE LAST! I CAN'T HELP IT! IT JUST HAPPENS!
WHAM!

HERE Y'ARE, MARTY! I'LL GIVE YOU SOME OF MY RATIONS!
ME, TOO! WE'LL ALL CHIP IN AND FEED THAT JINX OF YOURS!


LATER, AS THE ANTI-TANK PLATOON FILED OUT TO A NEW POSITION UP FRONT...
YOU KNOW, IF THIS WAR WAS TO END SUDDENLY, MARTY WOULD MANAGE TO GET HIT BY THE LAST BULLET FIRED!
YEAH, AND IF DISCHARGES WERE BEING HANDED OUT, HE'D BE THE LAST MAN IN LINE!

WHERE'S MARTY? DIDN'T HE LEAVE WITH US?
HE SURE DID! I GUESS HE MUST HAVE FALLEN BEHIND!

THERE HE IS, LAST AS USUAL! HEY MARTY! CATCH UP ON THE DOUBLE! COME ON YOU TURTLE! MOVE!


AND SO IT WENT, DAY AFTER DAY! THEN, ONE DAY, IN A SMALL TOWN NEAR CHATEAU BOIS...
ANYBODY SEE MARTY? HE'S DUE ON GUARD DUTY!
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE WE BEDDED DOWN HERE!

Free

To Get Names for Our Mailing List

1. **WORLD MAP** authentic Mercator projection map, used by air and sea navigators.
2. **STAMP FINDER** identifies stamps around the world—no matter how strange their script letters.
3. **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF STAMP-ISSUING COUNTRIES** Tells area, location, population, parent country, etc.

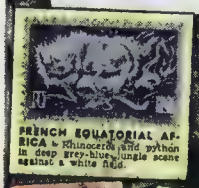
IDENTIFY EVEN THE STRANGEST STAMPS—*at a glance!*

Now, no stamp need puzzle you—no matter how strange it looks. Look at the Oriental script on the enlarged stamp at right. How could you possibly tell what country it comes from. But with the stamp identifier at your side—you merely match the stamps with one illustrated and you instantly know that it comes from Jordan.

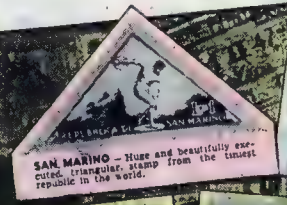
PHILIPPINES JORDAN RUSSIA SERBIA LATVIA HUNGARY THRACE SPAIN JAPAN BOSNIA EGYPT

ALSO FREE!

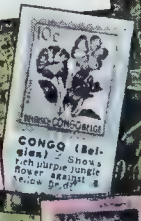
A BIG ASSORTMENT—INCLUDING 15 MUCH WANTED STAMPS



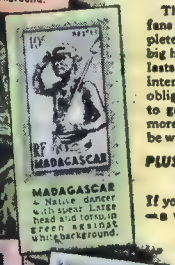
FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA – Rhinoceros and python in deep grey-blue, jungle scene against a white field.



SAN MARINO – Huge and beautifully executed, triangular, stamp from the tiniest republic in the world.



CONGO (Belgian) – Shows rich purple jungle flower against a yellow field.



MADAGASCAR – A Native dancer with spear. Latter head and torso in green against white background.

CEYLON – Shows Kandyan dancer in grotesque costume with odd native houses in background.

COLOMBIA Striking yellow, blue and red stamp celebrates 50th Anniv. of Columbian Society

ISRAEL – Shows ancient Hebrew coin against a deep blue ground. A collector's delight!

PORTUGUESE GUINEA – Colorful striped beetle in brown and black against yellow field.

TOGO – Action-packed scene shows natives of this French West African mandate extracting palm oil.

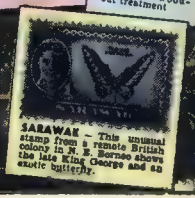
SOMALI COAST Handsome blue and orange stamp shows picturesque Danakil tent.

IRELAND (Eire) Famous Dells Roosa Madonna and Child, in woodcut treatment

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC – Large commemorative honors Transportation with winged horse (Pegasus) over onrushing train

KENYA & UGANDA Orange and black stamp depicts Queen of British Empire and King of the Jungle.

CAMEROUNS – Depicts strange buffalo-like domesticated Zebu beast with cattle herdsman.



SARAWAK – This unusual stamp from a remote British colony in N. E. Borneo shows the late King George and an exotic butterfly.

Yes, This Big Philatelic World Map, Stamp Finder and Encyclopedia of Stamp-Issuing Countries is Yours FREE!

THIS GIANT world map and stamp guide—which is yours FREE on this generous offer—is a treasure chest of valuable information. It locates the tiniest, most remote stamp issuing countries in the world. It deciphers the strangest script on the face of stamps—and tells you at a glance just what country issued them. It gives interesting facts about each country, including area, population, etc.

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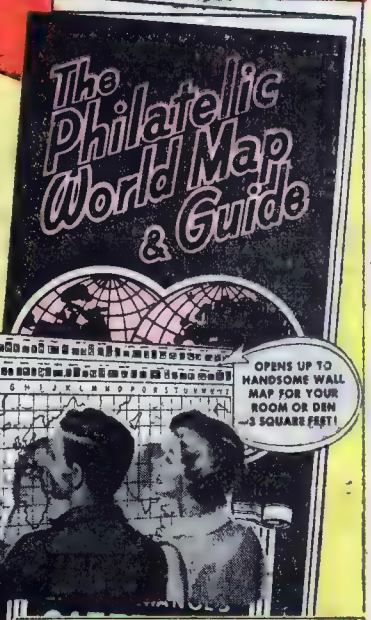

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CLIP AND MAIL NOW

SUDDENLY, THE EARTH STARTED TO QUIVER LIKE A TREMBLING MONSTER...
AN ATTACK! ZAWICKI! JANSEN! SCOUT AROUND AND SEE WHAT'S UP! WHERE'S MARTY?
WHO KNOWS?
A SWARM OF JERRY PANZERS JUST ROLLED INTO TOWN! THERE'S MORE THAN FIVE OF THEM...ALL TIGERS!
EVERYBODY SET UP NEAR A GOOD FIRING POST AND WAIT FOR ME TO SIGNAL! WHERE ARE THEY, MARTY?
LOOK! AND THERE ARE THREE MORE JUST LIKE 'EM!
TIGERS! THEY'D RUSH US IF WE OPENED UP ON 'EM! LET'S GET BACK!
THEY'RE JUST WHISTLING IN THE DARK! THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE HERE! IF WE OPEN A FIGHT, THEY'LL CLOBBER US IN NO TIME!
WE'VE GOT TO SNEAK OUT AND GET HELP! IF WE GET BACK IN TIME, WE CAN BOTTLE THEM UP AND CLEAN HOUSE!
SARGE, WHY DON'T WE JUST STAY AND GET AS MANY AS WE CAN? WE'LL GET ONE OR TWO FOR SURE!
MARTY, EVERY GUY IN THIS PLATOON IS MY RESPONSIBILITY! WE'RE COMING BACK WITH REINFORCEMENTS! NOW, LET'S MOVE OUT!
SO THE PLATOON EVACUATED THE TOWN WITHOUT INCIDENT!

THE NAZI PANZERS TOOK OVER, BUT THEY HAD NO IDEA THAT A ONE-MAN RECEPTION COMMITTEE HAD REMAINED IN TOWN...

SITTING DUCKS! I'LL GET 'EM BEFORE THEY KNOW WHERE THE SHOTS ARE COMING FROM!

PRIVATE MANN WENT TO WORK WITH A GRIM DETER-MINATION...

WHOOM!

ONE DOWN, AND ONE TO GO...AND THE OTHER ONE WENT!

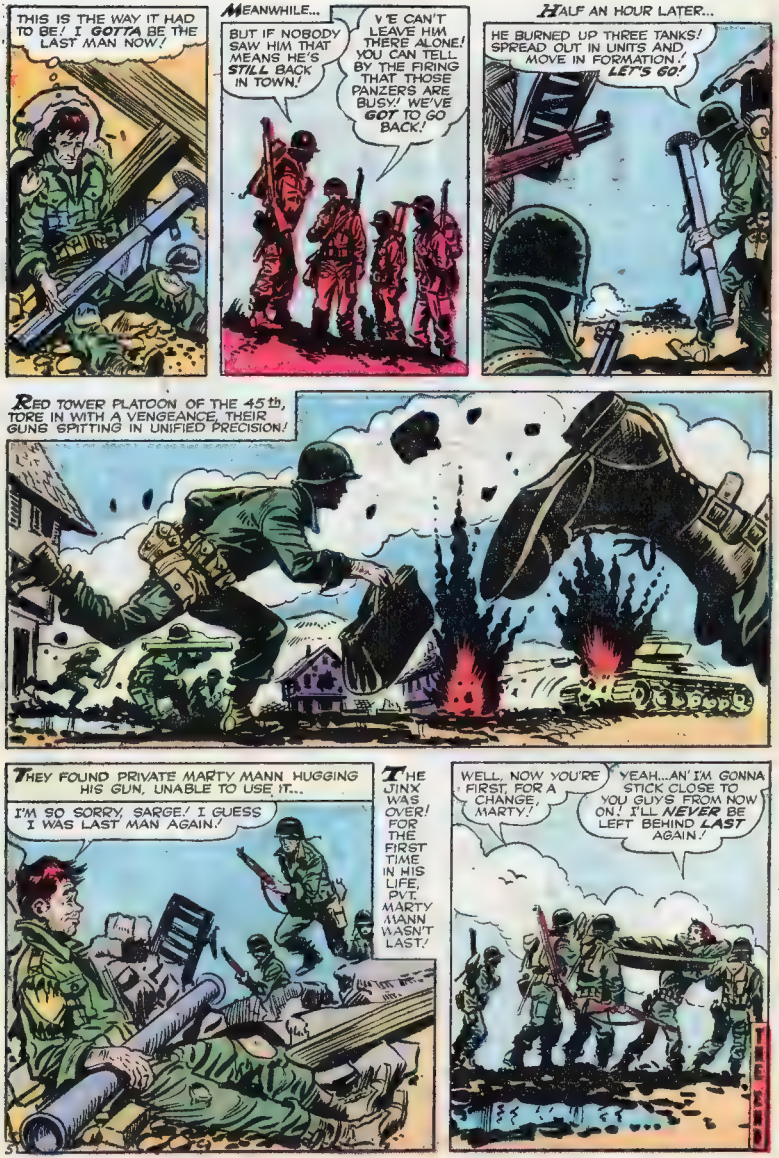
CLANNG!

ACHTUNG! ENEMY ATTACK OPENED! UNIT X, BLUE AND GREEN OUT OF ACTION! NEED IMMEDIATE HELP!

TWO TIGERS ROARED AS THEY HEEDED THE CALL...

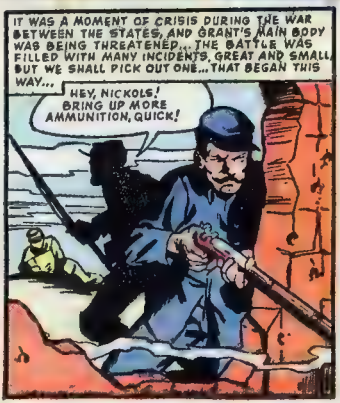
TOO LOW! I SHOULD HAVE AIMED ABOVE THE TREADS!

SUDDENLY PRIVATE MARTY MANN'S WORLD OF JINXES EXPLODED ABOUT HIS EARS!


THIS IS THE WAY IT HAD TO BE! I GOTTA BE THE LAST MAN NOW!
MEANWHILE...
BUT IF NOBODY SAW HIM THAT MEANS HE'S STILL BACK IN TOWN!
WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM THERE ALONE! YOU CAN TELL BY THE FIRING THAT THOSE PANZERS ARE BUSY! WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK!
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
HE BURNED UP THREE TANKS! SPREAD OUT IN UNITS AND MOVE IN FORMATION! LET'S GO!
RED TOWER PLATOON OF THE 45th, TORE IN WITH A VENGEANCE, THEIR GUNS SPITTING IN UNIFIED PRECISION!
THEY FOUND PRIVATE MARTY MANN HUGGING HIS GUN, UNABLE TO USE IT...
I'M SO SORRY, SARGE! I GUESS I WAS LAST MAN AGAIN!
THE JINX WAS OVER! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, PVT. MARTY MANN WASN'T LAST!
WELL, NOW YOU'RE FIRST, FOR A CHANGE, MARTY!
YEAH...AN' I'M GONNA STICK CLOSE TO YOU GUYS FROM NOW ON! I'LL NEVER BE LEFT BEHIND LAST AGAIN!

THE GLORY ROAD IS NEVER EASY! THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO TRAVEL ALONG ITS RUGGED WAY MUST FIRST FIND THEMSELVES AS **MEN!** AND SOMETIMES THE ROAD LEADS TO DISASTER AND DISAPPOINTMENT! AND SO IT WAS WITH YOUNG ARNOLD NICKOLS, PRIVATE IN THE UNION ARMY... AND WITH THE SOLDIER WHO TAUGHT HIM THE WAY OF...

THE FIGHTING MAN!

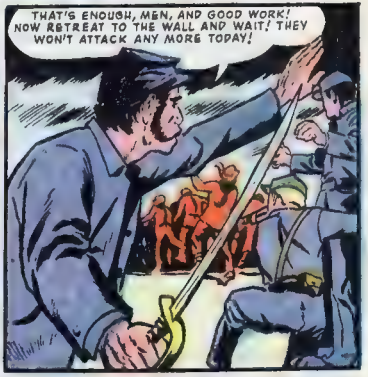

IT WAS A MOMENT OF CRISIS DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, AND GRANT'S MAIN BODY WAS BEING THREATENED... THE BATTLE WAS FILLED WITH MANY INCIDENTS, GREAT AND SMALL, BUT WE SHALL PICK OUT ONE...THAT BEGAN THIS WAY...
HEY, NICKOLS! BRING UP MORE AMMUNITION, QUICK!

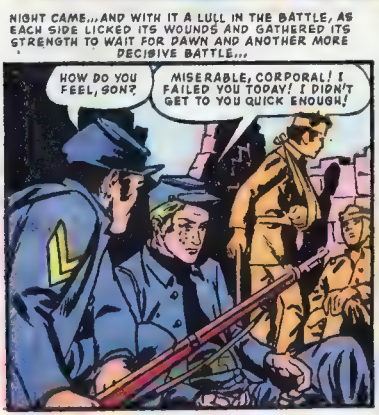
BUT THIS WAS PRIVATE NICKOLS' FIRST BATTLE...AND HE WAS JUST PLAIN SCARED! HE WAS BEING ASKED TO PLUNGE RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF THE HEAVIEST BOMBARDMENT... AND WITH A LOAD OF CARTRIDGES! IT TOOK HIM A LONG MINUTE TO GATHER UP HIS COURAGE...
WILL YOU COME ON, MAN? WE'RE ALL OUT! HURRY IT UP, SOLDIER!

NICKOLS FINALLY CLOSED HIS EYES AND PLUNGED FORWARD...
HERE YOU ARE, CORPORAL!
IT'S ABOUT TIME, SON! EVERY SECOND COUNTS WHEN YOU'RE A FIGHTING MAN! NOW GET BACK AND SEE IF ANYONE ELSE NEEDS SUPPLIES!

"FIGHTING MAN"! I'LL NEVER BE A FIGHTING MAN! I JUST DON'T HAVE IT IN ME! LOOK AT THE OLD MAN THERE! BOY, WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE TO HAVE JUST ONE TENTH OF HIS ABILITY AS A SOLDIER!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, YOU'VE DONE IT! THEY'RE FALLING BACK! JUST CHASE 'EM A LITTLE WAYS SO THEY KNOW WE MEAN BUSINESS!


THAT'S ENOUGH, MEN, AND GOOD WORK! NOW RETREAT TO THE WALL AND WAIT! THEY WON'T ATTACK ANY MORE TODAY!


NIGHT CAME... AND WITH IT A LULL IN THE BATTLE, AS EACH SIDE LICKED ITS WOUNDS AND GATHERED ITS STRENGTH TO WAIT FOR DAWN AND ANOTHER MORE DECISIVE BATTLE...
HOW DO YOU FEEL, SON?
MISERABLE, CORPORAL! I FAILED YOU TODAY! I DIDN'T GET TO YOU QUICK ENOUGH!

I'M NOT GOOD FOR ANYTHING, CORPORAL! I NEVER WAS! THAT'S WHY I KNOW I WON'T BE A FIGHTING MAN! WHAT IF I FAIL TOMORROW, TOO?
WE'RE ALL UNSURE OF OURSELVES, SON! STOP WORRYING ABOUT IT AND JUST DO THE BEST YOU CAN!
2

IF I COULD ONLY BE LIKE...HIM! OH...I HOPE THE OLD MAN DIDN'T HEAR ME! I SPOKE TOO LOUD!
GENERAL GRANT DOESN'T GET ANGRY AT THINGS LIKE THAT! HOWEVER, HE WILL, IF YOU DON'T GO ON SENTRY DUTY, BOY! IT'S YOUR TURN, YOU KNOW!
SO PRIVATE ARNOLD NICKOLS TOOK UP HIS ROUND OF GUARD DUTY THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT... A NIGHT OF UNCERTAINTY OF THE MORROW...
GENERAL GRANT IS THE PERFECT FIGHTING MAN...WITHOUT ANY PROBLEMS OR FEARS...AND KNOWING JUST WHAT TO DO AT ALL TIMES! HOW DOES ONE GET LIKE THAT?
JUST THEN A FIGURE STEPPED INTO THE SHADOW OF A TREE TO PASS THE TIME WITH THE GUARD...
I COULDN'T SLEEP, SOLDIER! EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT WITH YOU?
WHAT? OH, SURE! EVERYTHING'S QUIET!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL...NERVOUS AND JITTERY! BUT I BET THE OLD MAN'S SLEEPING NICE AND RESTFUL! BOY, NOTHING BOTHERS HIM!
YOU MEAN GENERAL GRANT? WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
BECAUSE HE'S A REAL FIGHTING MAN AND KNOWS WHAT TO DO! ME...I NEVER WAS GOOD AT ANYTHING!
NEITHER WAS THE OLD MAN, SOLDIER! LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT HIM!
"WHEN HE WENT HOME AS A VETERAN OF THE MEXICAN WAR, HE TRIED WORKING HIS FARM... AND WAS A TOTAL FAILURE AT IT!"
YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE THIS FARM TO THE BANK, UNLESS YOU CAN MEET THE PAYMENTS!
I CAN'T MAKE ANY PAYMENTS! THIS FARM JUST ISN'T PAYING OFF FOR ME!
"AND THE WAY EVERYONE TALKED ABOUT YOUR HERO WAS REALLY SOMETHING!"
HE'S JUST NO GOOD AT ANYTHING!
SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST MARKED FOR FAILURE!
3

"YES, THAT WAS THE STORY OF YOUR HERO,... ULYSSES S. GRANT! HE COULDN'T KEEP UP THE PAYMENTS ON HIS FARM, SO HE TURNED TO REAL ESTATE..."

I'M SORRY, MR. GRANT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO GIVE MY REAL-ESTATE BUSINESS TO SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE SUCH THINGS!

I UNDERSTAND!

"...HE WAS 33 YEARS OLD AND A FAILURE!"

I'M UNSURE OF MYSELF,.. NO SELF-CONFIDENCE! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING THAT I CAN DO RIGHT?

"BUT FORT SUMTER WAS FIRED UPON AND YOUR MR. GRANT WAS CALLED BACK INTO THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY...WELL, HE WAS NO GOOD AS A BUSINESSMAN AND A FARMER, BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO SAY HE'S NOT HALF-BAD AS A SOLDIER!"

I TELL YOU ALL THIS, SOLDIER, TO TRY TO SHOW YOU THAT ANY MAN SHOULD THINK HIMSELF A FAILURE, JUST BECAUSE HE HASN'T FOUND THE ONE THING HE CAN DO WELL!

WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME IS IMPOSSIBLE! THE "OLD MAN" EVER UNSURE OF HIMSELF AND A FAILURE AT ANYTHING? THAT'S RIDICULOUS! BESIDES, HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

I'M THE ONE PERSON WHO OUGHT TO KNOW, SOLDIER! EXCUSE ME NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR THE ATTACK AT DAWN!

GENERAL GRANT!

AND WITH THE COMING OF DAWN, THE MOST EAGER OF THE FIGHTING MEN WAS THE YOUNG SOLDIER, WHO WAS HAPPY TO FOLLOW THE GREAT GENERAL, WHO LIKE HIMSELF, WAS UNSURE, UNTIL HE FOUND HIS PLACE OF GLORY!

Men!

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...CONTINUED

below the general level of the earth and almost invisible, except for a tiny plume of smoke that rose from its chimney. Despite Legs' long limbs, Joe was there first. He ran to the kitchen door and flung it open.

"Why the kitchen?" Legs panted, running in after him.

"I'm hungry!" Joe said. His eyes ned toward a stone range in which a charcoal fire still burned.

"Guess whoever owned this place beat it when we came through," Legs said. "But there's nothin' to eat."

"Oh yes, there is," Joe said. He pulled a can from his knapsack. "I've been savin' this. My sister sent it to me. Ordinarily, I wouldn't touch it, but when a man's hungry . . ." His eyes devoured the unopened can of beans and he went toward a hanging pot.

Legs sighed and opened the door into the next room. Then he gave a little gasp. Joe, busy at the stone stove, came running.

"What's wrong, Legs?" he began, and stopped.

The light in the other room of the cottage was dim, but bright enough to show the other man facing them. He was dressed in peasant clothes taken, obviously, from a closet in the front room. Beside him on the floor, lay a German uniform, with markings on it.

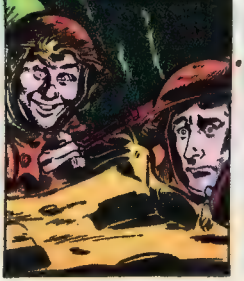
"Americans!" the man barked. A Luger appeared, as if by magic in his hand. "You are my prisoners! What are you looking at?"

The words were addressed to Legs, who was staring at the military marks on the uniform.

"General's buttons," Legs muttered, and then a light dawned in his eyes. "Why you . . . you're General Von Gleck!"

The other said nothing, but his face went white.

"I told you they were all jelly inside, Joe!" Legs said. "This guy knew he'd be captured and tried as a war criminal, so he beat it from his own men, who still think he's commanding their hedgehog position!"



Von Gleck laughed.

"But no one will ever know it!" he cried. "I speak French perfectly. I can melt into the civilian population. Von Gleck and his record will vanish. We Germans are clever. You may have won this time. But there will be another war, another time. I will survive to fight in that war!"

"Leavin' your men to face the music, eh?" Legs said, contemptuously.

Von Gleck's hard eyes narrowed, glittering. He sneered. The gun in his hand tightened, came into line.

Legs stared at Joe. Neither of them were armed. Then his eyes swung back to Von Gleck's hand. The trigger finger was contracting. There were only seconds left . . .

BANG! From the kitchen sounded a loud, shattering explosion. It startled Von Gleck. His eyes wavered, the gun jerked and then, abruptly, both Legs and Joe dived for his middle. He went down, sprawling. A moment later, both Americans were back on their feet, Legs holding the German general's Luger. Quickly Joe tied Von Gleck up with a rope he found in the corner. Legs turned to the kitchen, a questioning look in his eyes.

"No, it wasn't any of our boys," Joe said, smiling. "I left that can of beans on, over the fire, and it went bust, just in time!" He glanced into the kitchen and smiled more broadly. "First time I can honestly say I'm glad to see beans all over the place."

"Well, *sergeant*, let's get goin' with the general," Legs said.

"Sergeant?" Joe asked. "I'm just a buck private!"

Legs grinned.

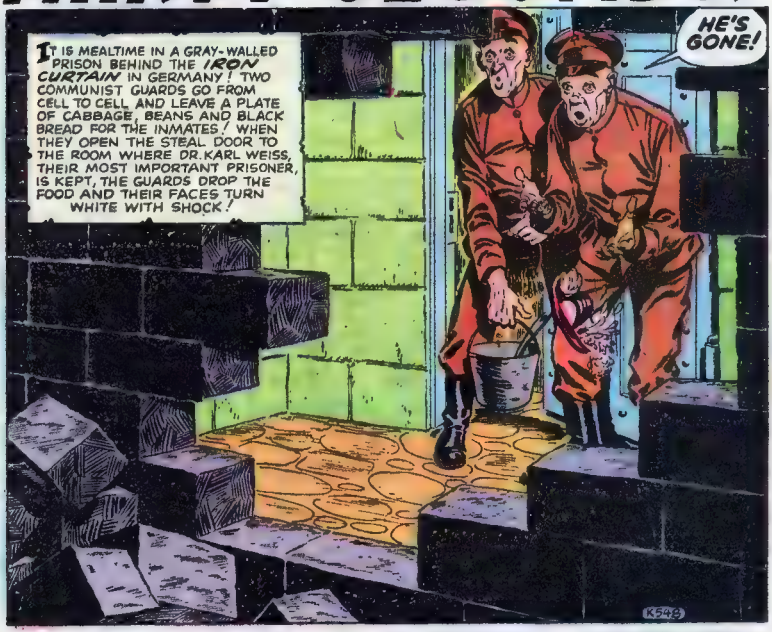
"You'll be a sergeant at least when we get Von Gleck back to headquarters. And *I'll* be one too!" He paused, taking a deep breath. "But that's only for capturing this enemy general." A look of anticipation came into his eyes. "Yep, with Von Gleck's desertion made known to his own men, they'll *surrender!* Who knows, Joe, for makin' *that* possible, maybe they'll make us orderlies to General Pershing!"

THE END G-147

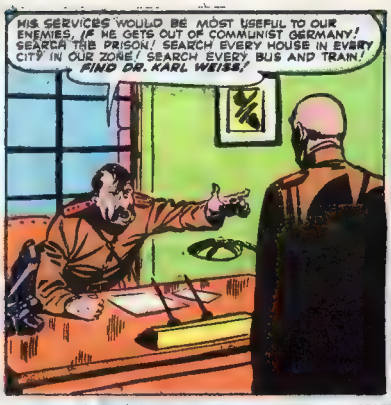
NO PRICE IS TOO GREAT FOR FREEDOM! THAT IS WHY INDIVIDUALS, GROUPS, AND ARMIES, ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE RISKED, AND STILL RISK THEIR LIVES TO SPLIT THE SHACKLES OF COMMUNIST SLAVERY! THAT IS WHY PEOPLE EVERYWHERE JOIN...

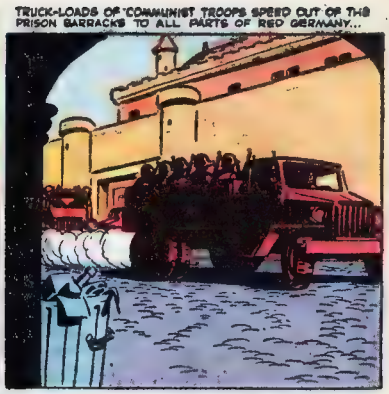
THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!

THIRTY SECONDS!


IT IS MEALTIME IN A GRAY-WALLED PRISON BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN IN GERMANY! TWO COMMUNIST GUARDS GO FROM CELL TO CELL AND LEAVE A PLATE OF CABBAGE, BEANS AND BLACK BREAD FOR THE INMATES! WHEN THEY OPEN THE STEAL DOOR TO THE ROOM WHERE DR. KARL WEISS, THEIR MOST IMPORTANT PRISONER, IS KEPT, THE GUARDS DROP THE FOOD AND THEIR FACES TURN WHITE WITH SHOCK!
HE'S GONE!
K548

THE GUARDS BLAB THE NEWS TO THE SENIOR SERGEANT...
THE SENIOR SERGEANT REPORTS IT TO THE LIEUTENANT...
THE LIEUTENANT TELLS IT TO THE CAPTAIN...
AND THE CAPTAIN INFORMS THE MAJOR!
YOU FOOLS! HE WAS A SPECIALIST IN THE ONE THING THAT MAY DESTROY COMMUNISM!


HIS SERVICES WOULD BE MOST USEFUL TO OUR ENEMIES, IF HE GETS OUT OF COMMUNIST GERMANY! SEARCH THE PRISON! SEARCH EVERY HOUSE IN EVERY CITY IN OUR ZONE! SEARCH EVERY BUS AND TRAIN! FIND DR. KARL WEISS!


TRUCK-LOADS OF COMMUNIST TROOPS SPEED OUT OF THE PRISON BARRACKS TO ALL PARTS OF RED GERMANY...

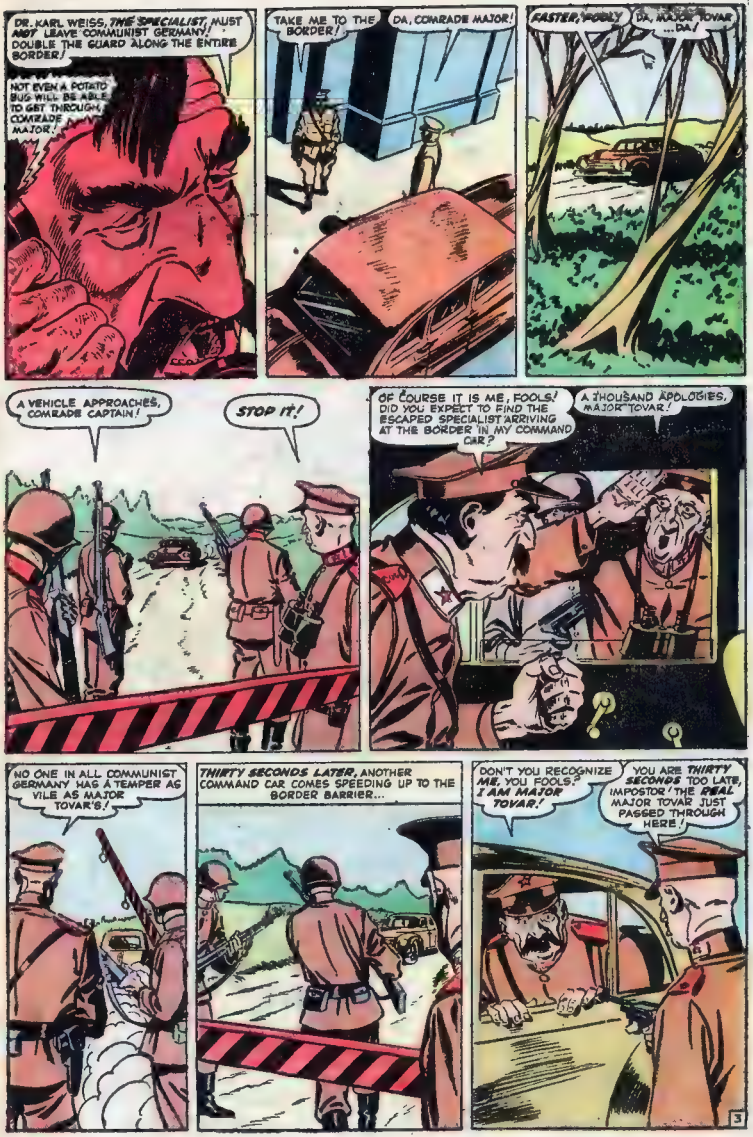
THE TROOPS ENTER PRIVATE HOMES AND SEARCH IN EVERY CORNER...

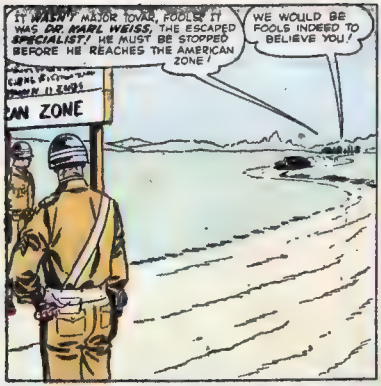
PEOPLE ARE STOPPED ON STREETS AND QUESTIONED...
IS THIS A REAL BEARD?
OW-W! OF COURSE!

ROAD BLOCKS ARE PUT UP AND EVERYTHING ON WHEELS IS HALTED...
PIGS!
JA! THAT'S WHAT I SAID I HAD IN THE WAGON!

WE HAVE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, MAJOR... BUT NOT EVEN A CLUE HAVE WE FOUND!
HE COULD NOT HAVE VANISHED! HE MUST BE HIDING SOMEWHERE FOR THE SEARCH TO END, SO THAT HE CAN ESCAPE OVER THE BORDER INTO THE AMERICAN ZONE!

SO WE WILL CALL OFF THE SEARCH, AND MAKE A TRAP FOR DR. KARL WEISS AT THE BORDER!
DA! THAT'S A GOOD PLAN, COMRADE MAJOR!


DR. KARL WEISS, THE SPECIALIST, MUST NOT LEAVE COMMUNIST GERMANY! DOUBLE THE GUARD ALONG THE ENTIRE BORDER!
NOT EVEN A POTATO BUG WILL BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH, COMRADE MAJOR!
TAKE ME TO THE BORDER!
DA, COMRADE MAJOR!
FASTER, BOBBY!
DA, MAJOR TOVAR ... DA!
A VEHICLE APPROACHES, COMRADE CAPTAIN!
STOP IT!
OF COURSE IT IS ME, FOOLS! DID YOU EXPECT TO FIND THE ESCAPED SPECIALIST ARRIVING AT THE BORDER IN MY COMMAND CAR?
A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, MAJOR TOVAR!
NO ONE IN ALL COMMUNIST GERMANY HAS A TEMPER AS VILE AS MAJOR TOVAR'S!
THIRTY SECONDS LATER, ANOTHER COMMAND CAR COMES SPEEDING UP TO THE BORDER BARRIER...
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME, YOU FOOLS? I AM MAJOR TOVAR!
YOU ARE THIRTY SECONDS TOO LATE, IMPOSTOR! THE REAL MAJOR TOVAR JUST PASSED THROUGH HERE!
3

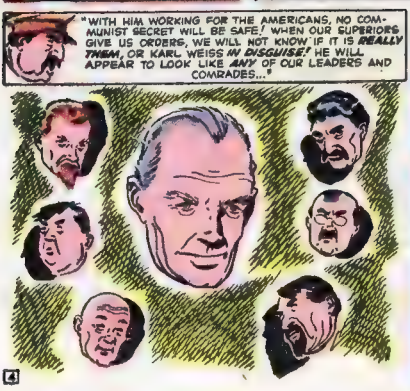

IT WASN'T MAJOR TOVAR, FOOLS! IT WAS DR. KARL WEISS, THE ESCAPED SPECIALIST! HE MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE HE REACHES THE AMERICAN ZONE!
WE WOULD BE FOOLS INDEED TO BELIEVE YOU!
AN ZONE

FOR IT IS YOU WHO ARE DR KARL WEISS IN DISGUISE! REMOVE HIS FALSE FACE!
OW-W-! THIS IS MY OWN FACE...NOT A DISGUISE! I AM MAJOR TOVAR!

THE SPECIALIST WAS HIDDEN IN MY OFFICE ALL THE TIME, OBSERVING ME... AND THEN AFTER I TELEPHONED YOU TO DOUBLE THE GUARD, HE CAME OUT OF THE CLOSET IN ONE OF MY UNIFORMS...
DA! THE OTHER ONE IS THE IMPOSTER!

OBSERVE! HE IS NOW SAFE ON THE AMERICAN SIDE AND HE REMOVES HIS DISGUISE...
NTERING
ZONE

ALL OF YOU WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD FOR DETAINING ME, AND ALLOWING HIM TO CROSS THE THE BORDER!
BUT WHAT KIND OF A SPECIALIST IS KARL WEISS, COMRADE MAJOR, THAT MAKES HIM SO IMPORTANT?


"WITH HIM WORKING FOR THE AMERICANS, NO COMMUNIST SECRET WILL BE SAFE! WHEN OUR SUPERIORS GIVE US ORDERS, WE WILL NOT KNOW IF IT IS REALLY THEM, OR KARL WEISS IN DISGUISE! HE WILL APPEAR TO LOOK LIKE ANY OF OUR LEADERS AND COMRADES..."

FOR DR. KARL WEISS IS THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES... A DISGUISE SPECIALIST!
THEN DA, COMRADE TOVAR ...WE ALL DESERVE THE FIRING SQUAD FOR ALLOWING THIS STRONG ENEMY OF COMMUNISM TO ESCAPE!
THE END

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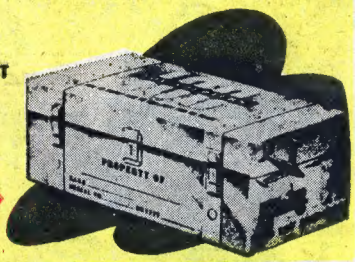

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4 Infantrymen	4 Marksmen

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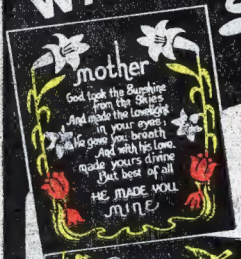
mother
God took the Sunshine from the Skies
And made the Lovelight in your eyes;
He took the Rose from Paradise
And with his Love,
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU MINE

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

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Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

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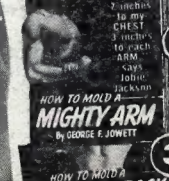

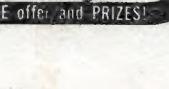

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!

JIM NORMAN

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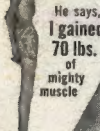
BEFORE He Mailed Coupon



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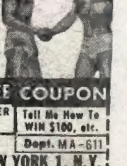

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